

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

FEBRUARY 1943



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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

NEW YEAR'S greetings to all our readers! Yes, a Happy New Year in spite of war, regimentation and rationing. How much we here in this land have to be grateful for—most of life's necessities, some even of its luxuries—while millions in other lands are starving, freezing, broken-hearted, hopeless.

TO all those who remembered us at the Holiday Season with their attractive Christmas cards, we are sincerely grateful. We wish we could thank each of these appreciated friends with a personal letter. All they have wished us we wish them, and even more.

Perhaps they may be glad to know that nearly all of the something like 150 Christmas cards that came to us are going to be attractively arranged in what may be called scrap-book form, and distributed among the sick children in our hospitals.

NEARLY all Americans are buying war bonds to help the nation's war efforts. Some are giving these bonds to charity, thus making the bond serve a double purpose. Our Societies would welcome such gifts to help defray the expenses of an ever-increasing work.

ONE of the leading Boston dailies remarks that months before parents had been warned against the danger of accidents to their children on the streets during the dimout periods, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had urged all owners of small-animal pets to guard them against the same danger.

Lincoln on Peace

WHENEVER we have been in Washington, D. C., on business, we have always taken a few extra moments to climb the many stairs leading to the Lincoln Memorial. Each time we have reached the top and stood in the presence of the great massive Lincoln statue we always experienced a deeper reverence stirring within our hearts, and we have noticed that men instinctively uncover as they read and reread the second inaugural address.

Lincoln's words, uttered seventy-eight years ago, should be the expression today of the noblest thought of the United Nations as they contemplate a future peace. Here is what he said on March 4, 1865: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

One hundred and thirty-four years ago, Abraham Lincoln was born, "reviled and lampooned over two continents, in four years he is canonized by mankind. Without origin, without training, without a worldly advantage, child of a poor and shiftless emigrant, he makes his way out of the wilderness to fix for all time the eyes of the world as a leader of people, liberator of the slave, deliverer of his country, and in another turn of the kaleidoscope, is numbered with martyrs and saints in glory everlasting."

We Must Not Fail

ALMOST daily comes new evidence that our nation's leaders and the great body of our people are realizing the need for a Peace that will mean Peace, and not a treaty with our enemies that will mean another war. That would be a tragedy unparalleled in human history.

Hard will it be to cast out of our hearts the hate and desire for revenge that this war has bred, and bring into being the spirit that can treat an enemy with mercy rather than with exacting justice. This we must do if for no other reason than for our own future. This we must do, also, for humanity's sake.

Neither the great mass of the German people nor of the Japanese people wanted this war. We should not hold them guilty for it, and by our hate forever doom them to despair. Every one of us—you and I—must do everything in our power to bring about a national desire for a Peace into whose terms have been written nothing that demands of the conquered submission to such crushing punishment as would seem to the conquered the very death of their national life.

The plea of Mr. Hoover, our former President, not for an Armistice, but for a sufficient period of delay between the defeat of our enemies and a treaty of Peace for the nation's hostility toward the defeated to cool down to a sane and humane degree, must commend itself to all fair-minded people. Win this war we must, but when it is won, the bitterness of hate and the spirit of revenge must have no place at the Peace Table.

A Long-Lived Cat

ELISABETH VAN PRAGG DUDLEY

DUSKY, black Angora cat who rules the household of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fitts of Framingham, Mass., will reach his eighteenth birthday in February. He has been a loved member of the family since kittenhood.

Although of late he spends most of his time sleeping, and prefers staying indoors, his health is apparently excellent. He can still leap to chairs and beds where he loves to lie; and until late fall, patrolled the yard and garden daily.

While he prefers such dainties as hamburger steak and turkey, his appetite is enormous, although the absence of a tooth, removed several years ago, makes eating a little difficult. His love for his human friends is overwhelming; and he delights to be where they gather, expressing his joy in loud purrs; but when strangers are in the house, he makes himself invisible.

Daily combings have kept his fur glossy; visits to the veterinary have kept him well; and to his many friends he is an example of a beloved and tranquil old age.



THREE TIMES A PATIENT AT THE ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL, "WINKIE" OWES HER LIFE AND GOOD HEALTH TO THE CARE GIVEN HER THERE, SAYS HER OWNER

The Trash Basket

A. W. and K. S.

*I love this friendly cylinder which catches
All the delightful things that They discard:
The crumpled envelopes, the string, the
matches,
The crackle of a bent, unfolding card.*

*I like to leap upon its edge and, easing
Its balance, overturn it like a log,
Then hide within its cavern—after teasing
Into a rage the hateful neighbor dog.*

*But, most of all, I like to flex my muscles,
Sheathe and unsheathe my claws and lie
and hope*

*The Little One will come. I hear the rustle
Of toddling feet! Perhaps he'll bring his
rope!*

*He'll swing it slowly while my eyes, like
embers*

*Of fire, follow it . . . I must not err!
The tiger in my two-month skin remembers
A jungle leap and I begin to purr . . .*

Must They Hunt or Starve?

CONRAD O. PETERSON

We see the cat hovering about our doorstep, cold and hungry. The dog looks up, asking for food and kindness. Other animals in and about our homes and farms look to us for help and attention. We see them and say to ourselves, "I'll give them something to eat as soon as I can spare the time." Having said this we often forget them until we again see them waiting at the doorstep.

Yet, in passing by do we realize that in making these dumb animals our wards we obligated ourselves to shelter, feed and care for them?

All animals have, more or less, the instinct of the wild. It is only when they have a close association with human beings that they become domesticated. In losing their wild instincts they also lose much of the ability to care for themselves. Their desire to hunt for food has cooled during their domesticity. When hungry they look to their masters for food. If it isn't forth-coming they must shift for themselves or starve. Hunger brings back to them their latent instinct to hunt and prowl.

They seek the back yards for food in garbage, thereby bringing filth and disease into the home. The cat waylays the unwary bird and pounces upon it. In fact, a hungry cat is the birds' worst enemy.

Hunger often drives our dumb animals to savagery.

A Plea for Tolerance

T. J. MCINERNEY

ONE of the many unfortunate aspects of a war is that it begets prejudices and breeds intolerances. The thought of writing this short article for *Our Dumb Animals* came to me several months ago, but I hesitated to do it because I thought that perhaps my experiences and observations in this matter were of an isolated nature and, therefore, nothing to become concerned about. In the interim, however, I have found that the condition is altogether too widespread for our own good and the welfare of our dumb and defenseless little friends.

The "condition" to which reference is made is that of permitting the racial background of an animal to influence public opinion regarding the creature. Not so long ago an acquaintance of mine asked me if I would like to acquire his dachshund "for the duration" because a great many of his neighbors were so over-patriotic that they continually made disparaging remarks concerning the dog's Germanic background. One over-zealous "patriot" even went so far as to turn loose upon the little dachshund a vicious dog who has to be kept tied up at all times. It is some consolation to know that the local law-enforcement authorities took adequate action against the owner of the latter animal, who is \$25 poorer as a result of his action.

When we consider that this war is being fought to abolish hate, tyranny and prejudice, it is almost inconceivable that these vices should be manifested against animals by people living in a country which is admittedly the leader in the fight to eradicate these inhumane traits. An animal is no more responsible for its racial strain than its owner is for his or hers. In the dog family alone there are many breeds that are identified as belonging to one nation or another, such as the Japanese spaniel, French bulldog, Irish terrier, English bulldog, Scotch deerhound, Russian wolfhound, Great Dane, etc. How ridiculous and inconsistent it is for humans to permit their feelings, regardless of how well-intentioned they may be, to have any effect on an animal!

Perhaps the solution would be to completely dissociate such identifications from our animal friends, as long as there are people in the world who are unfortunate enough to be bigoted and prejudiced to an extent that permits them to persecute by mouth or action a defenseless creature. If there is one feeling that should characterize every person who aspires to be enrolled in the Brotherhood of Man for which men are giving their lives all over the world, it should be a love and respect for our dumb animals.

Then Peace Will Come

Nellie A. Smith

The only living thing in sight
As I sit at my window here,
Are the birds who come for their feeding—
Bluebird, and starling, and sparrows
dear.

On a nearby tree, with its branches bare,
Are gathered the birds by the dozens,
Only just waiting to snatch the food
Away from brothers or cousins.

In spite of ourselves, we smile at them,
As we watch each laughable antic.
And then we think with a heart-sick sigh
Of our brothers across the Atlantic.

How like to the birds are the nations there,
Watching each other with eager eyes—
Coveting others their possessions,
And fiercely fighting to win the prize.

And we who sit in our sheltered homes—
What are we doing to make war cease?
What are we doing to ease their burdens?
To bring these nations together in Peace?

Give us such Love for all mankind,
That we may live—each for the other—
Till hate may die—and love survive—
And we consider every man our brother—
Then Peace will come.

Traits of the Opossum

WILLIS MEHANNA

The opossum is one of those animals that has increased with the encroachments of civilization. It is now found in states and localities where it was formerly unknown. It is a long-tailed creature of gray and black color and the only animal in America that carries its young in a pouch. It lives in trees and hollow logs, sometimes in abandoned woodchuck holes and raises a family of from five to fourteen. Its increase is accounted for by the size of its family and by its ability to live anywhere and to eat almost anything. In the South it is a favorite dish of food and it is sometimes eaten in the North. It is said to sometimes molest poultry roosts but I have never seen an instance of such an act. It does catch mice and other pests and cannot be considered a nuisance. No matter how plentiful it becomes it is seldom seen by man.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

"Furry Engineers"

ELINOR WENDY



THE CANADIAN BEAVER AT WORK

JUST to see the way he slaps his broad tail down on the water ought to indicate to you that Mr. *Castor Canadensis*, the Canadian beaver, is used to getting things done in a hurry. Right now, among other things, he's helping to preserve the North American duck population. First an engineer, then a game warden. He's no loafer, this furry brown fellow. In fact he's as busy as a beaver.

The link between ducks and beavers is a simple one. In late Summer ducks are temporarily deprived of the power of flight. The young have not yet learned to use their wings and the mature parent birds have "cast their quills" and with them the important primary wing feathers which do not grow again until the end of moulting. Thus ducks in August are "stranded" and if their nesting ground suffers drought they die by the millions.

Here is where the beaver exercises his engineering talents. While storing food in the form of luscious-barked saplings which are dragged underwater to furnish many a winter meal, Mr. Beaver dams outlets to ponds and lakes and stops trickling streams which weave through the marshland. In doing this he raises the "water table," keeps shallow lakes from drying up towards the end of summer, and in this way saves countless ducks the miserable death of drought disease and botulism.

Gordon Lake in Alberta is one such lake which was saved from drying out last year by the beavers. In the heart of the Canadian wilderness, it is a Northern terminus of the great Central flyway along which forty million wildfowl fly annually on their cyclical pilgrimage to wintering grounds along the United States Gulf Coast and Northern Mexico.

The trouble with Gordon Lake is that it is shallow. For the last decade this traditional nesting place of wild ducks has been a death trap to them. Driven by blind instinct to return to the same locality every year, a trait which was discovered through bird-banding experiments of the Fish and Wildlife Service, the ducks died in horrible windrows every summer as the lake dried up. As the water receded to a tiny puddle in the middle of what had been a few months before a tremendous lake, duck fought duck for a precious sip of the fluid which might support life. Half a million yellow bills dug frantically in the moist sand for a drop of water. Many birds were crushed to death by sheer weight of numbers. Only a handful of ducks were able to weather the crucial moulting season and set off for deeper lakes when the power of flight returned.

But that's all different now, and because of the beavers. Last May from the Canadian government preserve near Edmonton a hundred pairs of beavers were dispatched by pontoon monoplane. As soon as the pilot had unloaded his strange chattering freight and smashed the slatted crates with a hatchet, the beavers swam ashore. Within an hour they were hard at work felling timber to stop up the lake outlets. By August the lake was at its highest instead of its lowest level, spread out to twice its former area by reason of the impounded waters. Ducks were nesting on its shores in greater numbers than ever before.

From 200,000,000 ducks in 1885 to 17,000,000 in 1935—that's a disastrous drop in population for North American wildfowl. It's heartening to learn therefore that the present figure has been boosted way up to 65,000,000 and with

hunting on the way out for the duration of the war, ducks will get even a better chance to replenish their decimated numbers. Much credit will be due to Mr. Beaver, four-footed engineer.

The man behind the beaver importation at Gordon Lake was Mr. Gordon Ranson, a Canadian mining prospector. With his pretty American born wife, who is a registered nurse, Mr. Ranson arranged to have the beavers flown in. No other transportation is possible in the summer when the boggy ground becomes impassable to vehicles. Roads are just logging trails around Gordon Lake. To get a tractor or an automobile into that country would be an impossibility.

That's where the beavers are so useful. Mr. Ranson estimated that in his given territory one pair of beavers can accomplish as much work as fifteen men. They don't require tools, they work day and night, and 365 days a year, and they never loaf.

Hats off to the beavers who are saving American wildfowl for generations of American nature lovers yet to come.

To a Little Black Dog

Grace H. Day

*Almost a year has passed since we
Were forced by circumstance to seek
Another home for you, and see
You taken far. Week after week
And then the lonely months went by.
Today, as often in the past,
Outside our door I heard your cry;
Though weary, you were home at last.
What greater proof could you impart
Of loyalty in a small dog's heart?*



A WELCOME VISITOR TO THE SICK ROOM

A Valuable Dog

A YOUNG lad was standing in a corner with his dog. He had posted a sign which read, "Dog for Sale, \$200." One morning a man going to work, noticed the boy and his dog and his sign, and he stopped and said, "Young man, I see you have a dog for sale." "Yes, sir, I sure have." "I see you're asking \$200 for him." "That's right," the lad replied. "You would take less, wouldn't you?" "No, not one penny less." The man went on, chuckling to himself. A few days later he passed the same corner and saw the same boy, but the dog and sign were gone. The man said, "Well, did you sell your dog?" "Sure did," he replied. "Did you get your price for him?" "Sure did." "How did you find anyone who would give you \$200 cash for your dog?" "I didn't," he replied. "I traded him for two \$100 cats."

Farmer Begrudged Fine

Cows in Brooklyn, New York! Yes, believe it or not, a Brooklyn suburban dairy farmer, whose frisky cows had endangered traffic, by wandering along Linden Boulevard, was recently called into court.

There he paid his begrudged fine of five dollars, and faithfully promised it would not happen again. He thought he lived in the country.

And it would seem that the farmer might be partly right. For, the last Federal census indicates that Brooklyn is three times more rural now than it was ten years ago. In 1930 the borough had eleven farms. In 1940 it had thirty-nine, and valued at almost a million dollars!

Canine Heroes in the War

W. J. BANKS

THE army medical corps mascot exudes sympathy at every pore. Fortunately, this particular casualty is only providing practice for the first aid class. Ragsie, however, makes the rounds each day, comforting the sick and cheering the lonesome. The mascot's role in maintaining morale through his never-failing faith and courage under the most adverse conditions is of inestimable value to the armed forces of any nation.

But the modern war dog plays also a more active role. From huge Newfoundland or Great Dane to little Scottie or poodle, canine heroes risk their lives for their country. Faster and smaller, keener of ear and nose than a man, they take on jobs sometimes more dangerous than those of their masters.

Mainly under the headings of guard and messenger, the dog's martial duties are many. A well-trained canine sentry can work alone or with a human companion in guarding camps, war plants or ships at dock. America is forming a canine army of 50,000. Dogs help to guard the English coastline against invasion or surprise raids. Sensing danger before the human sentry, dogs already have captured prowlers and saved key points from sabotage.

Besides carrying notes from one post to another, sometimes across exposed no-man's-land where no human could hope to succeed, dog messengers have other duties under fire. They carry water, food or first aid supplies to the fallen. They locate the wounded by means of their sharper senses and lead the stretcher parties to them. Some have been taught while on distant missions to obey commands coming to them through tiny radio sets carried on their backs. Russian dogs, it is reported, drop with parachutists for messenger work behind the enemy lines.

In peace or war, man's faithful friend is ever ready to risk life for his loved ones. He is verily "in life the firmest friend, the first to welcome, the foremost to defend."

Lincoln's Favorite Story

Lincoln's own favorite story among the many that circulated about him during his lifetime was about two Quakeresses discussing the Civil War leaders, Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

"I think Jefferson will succeed," declared one.

"Why does thee think so?"

"Because Jefferson is a praying man."

"And so is Abraham a praying man."

"Yes, but," countered the first, "the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

DIXON WECTER in

"The Hero in America"

"Horse and Buggy Days"

JOHN COLVILLE

HORSE and Buggy Days" — During the last few decades, we have grown accustomed to hearing this expression as applying to something remote and almost forgotten. The day when the horse-drawn vehicle was a common sight seemed to have suddenly vanished. The motor driven conveyance had crowded it out of the picture. Some old timers still stoutly maintained that "a horse is the best for a short haul" but their voices were drowned out by the honks of a million horns.

Of course the saddle horse remained — but the use of horses for teaming, delivery work — and even farming seemed to be practically over.

Horses are coming back unquestionably. Drastic tire and gas rationing has become an accepted fact — with the end not in sight. Who comes to the rescue? The horse!

A big city newspaper has gotten out its fleet of old delivery wagons. Drawn by sleek, well cared for horses, they seem to be doing as thorough and prompt a job as any motor truck ever did. Horses are being used by many other business concerns in recent months. The horses for sale columns in the want ads testify to that.

One thing that horse lovers can be thankful for, is the fact that, owing to years of hard work on the part of Humane Societies, drivers and others, as a whole, will treat these faithful working creatures better.

It took organization to educate the public to humane thinking—and to enact laws that compel a just consideration of the rights of all dependent creatures.

Cases of ill-treatment of animals are still occasionally noted in the daily papers, but the punishment meted out to the offenders by the courts—on complaint of an authorized agent of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society, guarantees protection for our equine friends.

The schools, too, through the use of humane literature have been steadily developing this idea of fair play to animals.

We can easily and happily believe that the horse of today will never suffer from the cruelty and wilful neglect that some horses underwent in the past.

Yes, the "horse and buggy days" have come again, it seems — and

*Some morning when I take my walk,
I'll stop with great surprise —*

What is this memory of the past

That greets my puzzled eyes —

"Oh, it can't be — Why, yes it is"

I hear myself declare —

*"A row of wooden hitching posts
Around the court house square!"*

Horses Made Gallant Fire-Fighters

VINCENT EDWARDS



A STIRRING SPECTACLE IN BYGONE DAYS

THE gasoline and rubber shortage caused by the war has already brought one result that cannot fail to be of interest to animal-lovers: Once more, the faithful horse is performing an important role as man's chief burden-bearer. Dairy companies and even express men have put the horse back into service, and many persons have noted with satisfaction what a fine contribution this good friend of man is making toward the universal war effort.

Seeing horses on the streets again must recall one interesting memory to old-timers. That is of the fire-horse, the animal that sprang at the first note of the bell into harness and then helped rush the steam fire-engine to the scene of the conflagration. People may believe that our modern gasoline-operated fire trucks are remarkable, but think of how much more patience and ingenuity was required to train horses to perform this life-saving job!

When the steam fire-engine was introduced, it was considered a wonderful machine, but it would have been a failure if it could not have been rushed to a fire within a minute or two of the first gong at the fire-house. How to secure this instant departure with horses was a perplexing problem. At first horses were kept standing in their stalls with the harness on, but this did not work out so well, as valuable time was lost, to say nothing of the strain and burden put upon the waiting animals.

That is how the *swinging harness* came to be invented. It was so contrived that, while it was attached to the engine or

other apparatus, it would drop instantly on the horse's back the second it came hurrying out from its stall in the rear of the fire-house. It was a wonderful sight to see how quickly the fire-horse responded to the clanging bell. Practice drills were usually held two or three times a day, and children and grown-ups liked to watch at such a time.

Less than forty years ago practically all American cities had fire-horses as part of their regular departments. The quickest horses in the world were at one time in Kansas City, for it was to Chief George C. Hale, head of the department of the city, that large credit must be given for training horses for this noble work. Chief Hale was the inventor of the earliest swinging-harness, and he helped to make the Kansas City fire-horses the finest of their kind.

When Henry M. Stanley, the noted explorer and journalist who had discovered Livingstone in Africa, visited America, he saw an exhibition-drill in Kansas City. The spectacle so stirred Mr. Stanley that he wrote an account of it for his London newspaper. The "story" brought an invitation to Chief Hale to go to London with a picked corps of men and his two famous fire-horses, "Joe" and "Dan."

The visit made English firemen open their eyes. Until then, the quickest harnessing time of the London Fire Brigade had been 1 minute, 17½ seconds, but the Kansas City team was harnessed in 1¾ seconds, and out of the engine house in just 8 seconds flat. Under Chief Hale's management, the Kansas City company also made a record for the

quickest time from the fire-house to the throwing of water on a fire. In this particular case, the fire-horses were harnessed and made a run of 2,194 feet (a little less than half a mile) and water was pouring from the hose in the remarkably brief time of 1 minute, 31½ seconds.

Of course, the automobile gradually took the place of all faithful four-footed fire-fighters, and even in these days, it does not look as though horses would ever be pressed back into this kind of service. About the last fire-horses to stay on the job were "Barney," "Gene" and "Tom," all faithful members of the Washington (D. C.) Fire Department. They were fourteen years old when they were finally retired on pensions in the summer of 1925. More than one Washingtonian was sad when he heard these last survivors of old days in the national capital's fire department would be seen no more on the streets.

Belgian Shepherd Dog Gets "E" Pin

GENEVRA BUSH GIBSON

WHILE other dogs are going off to war to win their spurs in the canine corps, "Bart," a pedigreed Belgian shepherd, has already won an Army-Navy "E" production pin for his services on the home front.

Bart's job is to escort his blind master, Edward P. Hamann, to the Scott Aviation Corporation plant every morning in Lancaster, New York. In order to get past the armed guards at the gates of the plant Bart wears a photo-identification badge. Once the pair have arrived at Hamann's post, Bart lies down beneath the assembly bench and rests comfortably until closing time.

Both Hamann and the dog received "E" pins when the Army-Navy pennant was awarded to the concern in November.

Hamann, who is 26 and a native of Lancaster, New York, lost his sight six years ago when a truck he was driving went into a ditch. The head injuries he received affected the optic nerves, causing total blindness.

He then attended the State School for the Blind at Batavia, New York, where he learned Braille and took special courses in typing, office work, and high school subjects. Later he went to the Seeing Eye Kennels at Morristown, N. J., where he met Bart and the two spent six weeks in learning to get around together.

After that he entered the Lancaster High School from which he was graduated last June. Then he and Bart went to work for the Scott Aviation Concern.

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.

Military Police Honored



MILITARY POLICE HEROES OF THE 704TH BATTALION AT MELROSE, WHO WERE AWARDED HUMANE MEDALS BY DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, FOR RESCUING TEN HORSES IN A RECENT BARN FIRE. SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT, CAPT. ROBERT J. MURPHY, DR. ROWLEY, LT.-COL. JAMES E. KENNEDY AND ERIC H. HANSEN, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY. STANDING, PRIVATE STEPHEN E. KINDLEBURGH, PRIVATE GEORGE B. REED, PRIVATE HARRY SCHREIBER, SERGEANT G. H. ALEXANDER AND CORPORAL J. O. BALLOU.

Kindness and Devotion

ALICE A. GRAYDON

THE bus, pretty well filled with a home going crowd of Christmas shoppers, stopped at a corner to admit a rather unusual pair,—a blind man and his faithful Seeing Eye dog. Unusual, because so much more often they walk than ride.

Quickly the passengers moved up, releasing a seat at the front of the bus directly behind the driver. The dog looked bewildered, but a few whispered words from his master quieted him, and he sat down and gazed up into those sightless eyes with a most searching and trustful look, as his master lovingly patted him, and reassuringly gazed down at the now quiet animal. The man gathered him close to his side, and arranged the dog's tail under his hind foot, in order that no one would unthinkingly tread upon it, and again there was the rapt look on the dog's face, returning all the affection the man was bestowing on him,—two kindred spirits, each ministering to the other in so beautiful a manner.

Kindness bestowed, and kindness and affection returned.

THE heroism of five military police soldiers in rescuing 10 horses from a blazing barn in Melrose, Mass., brought recognition by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently, when Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Society president, awarded them humane medals.

The men, members of the 704th Military Police Battalion at the Breakheart Reservation in Melrose, ran from their barracks to the nearby barn and led out 10 horses before firemen arrived. Three other horses perished when flames prevented the soldiers from re-entering the barn.

Lt.-Col. James E. Kennedy, commanding officer of the battalion, and Captain Robert J. Murphy, his aide, accompanied the men to the Angell Memorial Hospital, where Dr. Rowley pinned medals on the tunics of the five soldiers. The heroes were Private Stephen E. Kindleburgh, Private George B. Reed, Private Harry Schreiber, Sergeant G. H. Alexander and Corporal J. O. Ballou.

After the ceremony, Eric H. Hansen, executive vice-president of the Society, led the group on a tour of inspection of the Hospital.

For Horses at Christmas

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."
"Hamlet"

AND likewise the horse, to whose patient and faithful service in our midst attention and recognition have been paid annually for the past twenty-five years.

It has been on the day before Christmas when the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has marked the occasion by distributing bags of feed to hundreds of these animals on the streets and at their stables in Boston and its suburbs.

In repeating the Yuletide custom this season officers of the Society and their aids made the round of stables leaving individual bags containing oats, chopped carrots and apples in well-balanced portions. Hot coffee and doughnuts were also carried for drivers and stablemen.

The Horses' Christmas has been and is approved by many who have anticipated its observance and contributed towards it. Well do the toil-worn horses earn their humble share in the benefactions that overflow at the Christmas time. Once a year it is not only a brief tribute to man's hardest working dumb servants, but also a witness to the claims upon us of other forms of animal life for just and kindly treatment, and an expression of our obligation and gratitude to them. The Horses' Christmas has been far more than any unique or pleasing holiday gesture. It has had a humane educational effect. It has been also, we believe, a potent object lesson in the "Be Kind to Animals" movement, which now has its devotees far and wide.

"Bill," a Thoroughbred

CONRAD O. PETERSON

MY father has always loved horses. In his younger days he owned many of them.

"Bill," was one of these. Bill not only was fast and high-spirited; he was intelligent also. Although not born of blue blood, he was in every way a thoroughbred.

Father, at that time was a country mail carrier with a nineteen mile mail route. Horses were used to haul the mail wagon. One horse each day. Bill one day, Prince his partner, the next.

Father still talks of the time when Bill saved his life. The many people who saw Bill act in a real emergency, heaped praise upon the horse.

The mail wagon used was a closed affair, painted white, and something on the order of a milk delivery wagon. With the doors closed it was difficult to see, with the exception of straight ahead.



THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. PLAYS SANTA CLAUS TO BOSTON WORKHORSES

This was not unusual as it was before the day of the speeding auto.

At the end of the day's drive, and after leaving the Post Office, a four-track crossing had to be crossed.

On this particular afternoon a freight train was on the first track, leaving just an opening for the crossing. Seeing that the train was stationary, father and Bill started across.

Bill found himself on the second track with a lone engine racing toward him. With a rapid drumming of hoofs he tried to back off the track. Seeing that he could not do so in time, Bill raised on his hind feet just as the engine whizzed past, missing the hoofs by inches.

White-faced, my father got out and hurried to Bill's side. Bill was entirely unharmed. And father? Well, he tried not to think of what would have happened had Bill tried to dash ahead out of danger.

Had Bill done so, both father and his horse would have been killed. Many people waiting for a train on a nearby depot saw the near-tragedy and all voiced their opinion that Bill's feat was something rarely seen.

Yes! Bill was every inch a thoroughbred.

All are cordially invited to attend the free lecture by Thornton W. Burgess on "Mother Nature's Friendly Folk," illustrated with colored motion pictures. This lecture is to be held under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. on Humane Sunday, April 11.

M. S. P. C. A.

THERE is rather more than usual pertinence this year than in many years to the M. S. P. C. A.'s appeal for donations of carrots, etc., for the "horses' Christmas" which that society with the long name and the long record of great work puts on each Christmas season for the horses of Boston. There are not so many horses as there were, but by next summer the number may increase as the motor car fades away.

We wonder what the horse thinks about all these changes. We have loved horses, but it never seemed to us that the average horse did a great deal of thinking. However, as we have often noted, we queer humankind have no reason for sneering at the dumb animals, who think their own animal thoughts. A well-treated horse enjoys being a horse, is glad he is a horse, and that's a hint for the rest of us. No horse ever wanted to climb a tree — except when scared by a motor car — and no horse ever wanted to be President of the United States or vinegar tester or business agent of a horse union. He is never eager to be on a committee; he would rather have a carrot than a committee, and he is right.

EDWARD E. WHITING in
Springfield Republican

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies of the magazine so mutilated will be replaced by us upon application, if so desired.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1943

EDITORIALS

A Great Christmas

WE have known many Christmases, looked forward to them with childhood hope, joyed in the pleasures they brought, but this last Christmas! It surprised us. It came with the world almost deafened with the roar of cannon, with bombs dropped—tons of them—on cities, factories, defenseless homes. What room for Christmas carols in churches, camps, and over the nation's radios? Who could feel like singing "Glory to God in the highest and Peace on Earth toward men of good will?"

Yet never in our memory of all the many years can we recall such an outburst of song, glorying in the memory of that hour when He was born, of whom it was said, "The hopes and fears of all the years are met in Thee tonight."

Nineteen hundred years and more since in the Stable of the little Inn, a lowly Mother, just a carpenter's wife, gave birth to her first-born child, and all these centuries since He hung upon the bitter cross, and now a Christmas rings out with such triumphant songs as "Come all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, Come let us adore Him," "Joy to the world, the Lord has come," and then that sublime "Hallelujah Chorus," with its "King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

Around the world the carols sounded when England called to her people in distant lands, in army camps, and in her places of worship, from the lowly chapel to the stately cathedral.

No, no. Faith is not dead. Good is still mightier than evil. Love shall triumph over hate, and He whose birth we celebrate on our Christmas Days shall yet see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

...

Most people object to the presence of dogs in grocery stores and other food shops. There is always the possibility of food items being spoiled and, besides, it is not fair to the dog to have to dodge the shoppers' feet and be expected to understand the situation. We should, therefore, not take our dogs with us into the markets.

No Ration Cards

THERE are some things for which no coupons will ever be issued. Things that are not to be bought or sold. Things that are never hoarded through selfish indifference to the sufferings of others. Things that just simply multiply themselves if you once have them. Things that come back to you the more you give them away. Yet no one ever saw them, handled them or tried to put a price upon them. What are they? Love, kindness, compassion, justice.

No, we never actually saw any of these things, only the expression of them. Yet they are just as really facts as earth and air and sea, and all those things of which we are as sure as that the sun and moon and stars are real. In this realm of life's supreme values no ration cards will ever be issued.

A Worth-while Opinion

The Editor of the Rural New Yorker, one of the oldest and most highly regarded farm papers of the country, when asked recently what he thought about a certain dehorning of cattle where no local anaesthetic was used and no care given the animals after the operation, replied as follows:

"We have your letter about that dehorning job. Our personal opinion from your description is that it was a brutal thing and should be contrary to law whether it technically is or not.

"Why any farmers in these days insist on such dehorning is a mystery to us. There is no doubt that it injures the spirit of the cows, at least, even though they are not damaged seriously physically."

How Do You Pronounce It?

Some of us are rather tired of hearing the word, now so common, "ration," pronounced as if spelled "rash-un," the "a" short, as in "hat," instead of long, as in "hay."

What do the authorities say? The Manual of English Pronunciation, based on Walker and Smart, English orthoepists, and Webster, Worcester and Goodrich, American orthoepists, give only "ra-shun," the "a" as in "nation." "The Orthoepist," a volume of often mispronounced words, gives only "ra-shun."

The New English Dictionary, commonly known as "The Oxford," gives "ra-shun." H. E. Fowler, an English authority, gives "rash-un," but says that is the pronunciation in military parlance. Webster also says "ra-shun" or "rash-un."

It certainly would seem as if our broadcasters could safely trust to the much larger weight of authority which favors the long "a."

More About Dehorning of Cattle

PROFESSOR R. R. Dykstra, Dean of the School of Veterinary Medicine, Kansas State College, has recently published a very interesting book entitled "Animal Sanitation and Disease Control" (The Interstate Publishers, Danville, Illinois, 546 pages, \$2.85.) Of particular interest to humane people are references to dehorning of cattle. Our own magazine has carried many articles on this subject, but Professor Dykstra proves our contention that if the operation must be performed, it should be done humanely.

Here are Dr. Dykstra's words: "In order to prevent the pain of removal and the possibility of subsequent sinus infections, the operation should be performed in as humane and clean a manner as possible. By means of the injection of a local anaesthetic solution over the sensory nerve supplying the part, or into the tissues surrounding it, the operation may be performed with practically no pain."

It is to be hoped that many contemplating dehorning cattle will follow Dr. Dykstra's advice. In some instances dehorning has been a bloody and cruel practice.

What About Peace Now?

IF we could obtain peace with our enemies now, we suppose a great many people would be in favor of doing so. They would perhaps reason that by laying down arms immediately, millions of lives would be saved, and of course that would be true.

But peace now could only mean victory for our enemies. That would be exactly what they wanted us to do. It would give them the opportunity of resting and, at the same time, strengthening their occupation of conquered lands. They would then build an army far greater than their present one, and the task of beating them might well be impossible.

No, we would not want peace now. We must first and forever destroy that force of evil that is trying to exterminate human freedom. The men of the United Nations, who are giving their lives for our cause, would not want a temporary peace — nothing but complete victory and a just and fair peace will be acceptable to those who are struggling for a free world.

...

Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, has developed a workable method of identifying the songs of birds. Their songs are photographed on moving picture film and later recorded on phonograph records. Sound pictures have also been produced. As the pictures of the various birds are shown on the screen the audience listens to the songs.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1868

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Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville
Wenham, Cherry Street

DECEMBER REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	14,393
Cases investigated	302
Animals examined	2,414
Animals placed in homes	260
Lost animals restored to owners	82
Number of prosecutions	6
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	11
Horses humanely put to sleep	53
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,781
Horse auctions attended	16
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	52,936
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	46

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Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.
*On leave of absence—military service

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	660
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,585
Operations	201

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	160
Cases entered in Dispensary	707
Operations	98

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	55
---------------	----

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	215,059
Dispensary cases	543,290

Total 758,349

Branches and Auxiliaries

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—WAYLAND L. BROWN, Pres.; MISS ELIZABETH A. FOSTER, Treas.

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Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

New Bound Volume

The bound volume of *Our Dumb Animals*, including the twelve numbers of 1942, bound in cloth and stamped in gold, will soon be ready for delivery. It contains 240 pages and many attractive illustrations.

The price is the same as in past years, one dollar, postpaid.

Place your order now for one or more volumes.

Veterinary Column

1. Question: Is it advisable to have a puppy inoculated against distemper?

Answer: Yes. Permanent inoculations can be started at the age of four months, and, prior to this, temporary inoculations can be given which will give protection for a period of ten days to two weeks. Distemper is a serious disease, especially of puppies, and it is wise to take precautions to prevent its occurrence.

2. Question: What special care is necessary for a dog during her term of pregnancy?

Answer: Most dogs encounter little difficulty during pregnancy and whelping. However, certain precautions should be observed for the sake of both the mother and the puppies. The diet of the mother should be carefully watched; and she should be fed nutritious foods, including milk and meat, gradually increasing the quantity. Dietary supplements should include cod liver oil and calcium in some form. Moderate exercise should be given daily, but any undue exertion avoided. A careful check should be kept on the bowels, and mineral oil given at any indication of constipation. The average duration of pregnancy is sixty-three days, and if any difficulty is encountered at its termination, a veterinarian should be consulted without delay.

3. Question: My toy fox terrier appears in excellent condition, but he continually sheds in the house. The white hairs are annoying, and I should like a remedy for this condition.

Answer: Any dog kept in a warm place will shed throughout the year. It is a normal occurrence, and nothing can be done to prevent it. Daily brushing is recommended, and will remove many of the loose hairs.

4. Question: I received a female puppy for Christmas, and wish to know the best time to have her spayed?

Answer: Between four and six months is the most desirable time.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
Angell Animal Hospital

High Cost of Cats

The cost of cats in the wartime capital of China, Chungking, has trebled in three months, says *Animalsdom*. The presence of thousands of rats in silk factories, granaries and houses has resulted in the creation of a cat market in the shopping district, with hundreds of cats of all sizes and colors on sale. A healthy female costs about \$10; a tom, considered less aggressive, somewhat less. A one-eyed feline can be bought for \$5 and a blind one, \$1.50. The animals are so scarce and so much needed that a black market has sprung up supplied by gangs of cat thieves.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR DECEMBER, 1942

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 239

Number of addresses made, 93

Number of persons in audiences, 15,326

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln's first composition was on kindness to animals.

Spider Versus Insect

L. E. EUBANKS

SPIDERS are not insects; they have no more cause to be so termed than lobsters and crabs. Here are some of the differences: Spiders have four pairs of legs; insects have three pairs, and the head and thorax are in one piece, not two. The spider's eyes are simple and usually eight in number, while the eyes of insects are of two kinds, simple and compound, the compound ones being the more usual.

Compound eyes, by the way, are clusters of single eyes which may number from twelve in the case of the "silver fish" or fish moth to 28,000 or more gracing the face of a dragon-fly.

There are other differences, too, between spiders and insects. For instance, the liquid which hardens into silk upon contact with the air used for web weaving comes from the hind end of the abdomen; the silk of insects usually comes from their mouths.

And contrary to the bites of flies, all spider bites are poisonous. The reason that such bites seldom harm human beings to any extent is that the spider's poison sacs contain little venom; and many species, whether they want to or not, are unable to bite through human skin.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for August, 1942

Daily average large animals: 21.

Animals put to sleep: 1.

Entries: 3 horses, 3 mules, 64 donkeys.

Exits: 5 horses, 3 mules, 46 donkeys.

Out-patients: 199 horses, 77 mules, 397 donkeys, 32 dogs.

Fondouks visited	628
Animals inspected	11,150
Animals treated	439
Animals sent to Hospital	269
Pack-saddles destroyed	15
Arab-bits destroyed	1
Animals sent by Police Dept.	5

Amount of our expenses for this month: \$199.32. GUY DELON

Superintendent

"The Liberal Church of Denver henceforth will end the Lord's Prayer with the words, 'Praise God, and pass the ammunition.' The official prayer was amended to include that sentence before the 'Amen.'"—United Press Dispatch.

As a violation of good taste this takes the cake. But worse! — it is a perfect illustration of the blasphemy which war visits upon religion.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

ALFRED TENNYSON

Little Father

MARGARET TYRRELL GRIFFIN

I LIVED at one time in a room on the top floor of an old Inn. It had a sloping roof and outside my window in the eaves lived a sparrow. He had bachelor quarters when I moved into the room and indeed, unlike me, he had not one but three rooms with as many entrances. We were so near I could almost reach up to his door and he was as interested in me as I was in him. He used to stare at me cocking his little head from side to side and we two became good friends.

My bed was up against the window and every morning at dawning he waked me with his happy chirping. When I opened my eyes I could look right up at the black spot on his chest. There he was, perched in one of his doorways greeting the morn. He would stop his song for a moment while we bade each other "Good morning" by exchanging long looks, then he would sing again. He always sang in his nest for a long time before he started his day.

There was an ell on the house and the roof over it was directly outside my window. I could reach down to the gutter and it was there I fed my little friend. Not much room but being careful I could throw food along, and I found a narrow dish which I filled with water and set down in the gutter for him to drink.

The day he brought home a bride I thought I would lose him. She refused to look at a home so near my window. He chattered and coaxed but she was very distrustful. He showed her the food and drink that was always set out for him, he flew boldly in and out several times and finally with much fluttering she entered. And then what bustling and talking! She would appear in one doorway only to be gone in a flash to reappear in another. Busy days followed. They made endless trips in and out building their nest. Little Father flying in unafraid but Little Mother fluttering timidly until I drew back from the window. She was not at all shy about eating and drinking and as the days went by she soon lost all her fear.

Often in the night I heard them making little sounds like talking, and moving around in the nest.

They had many little ones and at the end of the summer when they were all out of the nest, the whole family would often stand in a row along the edge of the roof, Little Father at one end, Little Mother at the other and in between all the little ones with their downy feathers and their beady eyes. And Little Father would chirp at me as if to say, "See what fine youngsters you helped to raise!"

No man is free while one for freedom
yearns. JOHN DRINKWATER

Window Wings

HARRIET SMITH HAWLEY

NO matter how dark the day or how distressing the war news, it is always possible to have friendly wings at the window.

Even now with the ground covered with snow and the sun wading, as we say in New England, through more snow, there come winging to my window feeding-board the blue wings of the blue jays. Garrulous birds, yes, and noisy, too, but against the white of the snow and the dark green of the juniper, looking strikingly handsome. Cheery, their cocky assurance, as they gobble up the crumbs. "Come wind, come weather," they seem to say, "here we are, sky-birds of the blue for gray days like these." Real prognosticators, too, I find, which in these times when the newspapers only announce, "continued mild," or "colder at night," is an attribute to be received with acclaim. For from long observation, I have found that when the jays carry off food six and seven pieces at a time with a Cassandra-like cry of warning in the bargain, a heavy storm is coming. Not for looks only, their crested head.

Gray wings bring the nuthatches, winter's chirk little hoarders, making it almost impossible to keep for any length of time seeds by the window. Working like army troopers, they carry off a store of supplies to be carefully tucked away in the holes of the ancient wistaria vine or the bark crevices of our monarch oak. They, like the jays, always working faster and more diligently if they "feel in their bones" that a storm is brewing.

Slate gray wings bring the juncos, the quiet little snowbirds with the stubby mauve bills that peck away gayly at the cornmeal which is the juncos' favorite food and one of the foods which luckily for them is not yet rationed.

Not so lucky the downy and hairy woodpeckers that have for years expected to find hanging especially for them a large piece of suet. "War-time," I say to the genteel black and white wings, "and no fats left for the birds." If I can afford it, I shall keep them coming by hanging pine cones filled with peanut butter, but this too, is a luxury item and not to be counted upon by the always hungry woodpecker family.

Brown wings are ever coming. Hosts of English sparrows and their cousins, the much more jaunty tree sparrows that delight me with their black pearl breast-studs and their reddish-brown caps. Time was when I considered the English sparrows with their bossy manners a nuisance at the feeding board, but since I have learned that they are the most effective destroyers of the Japanese beetles, I welcome their increasing clans with an added supply of daily bread.



A BUSY DOWNY WOODPECKER

Red wings of the finch will come in February or March. Nor will any storm retard them. This I know, for it was in the worst ice-storm that New England ever experienced that I looked out to see in the ice-laden Tartarian honeysuckle my first-of-the-season's purple finch. The one bit of gay color in our ice encrusted world. When he found that the feeding board was still in the same place and still spread with sunflower seeds, it was not long before he arrived with the rest of his gay troupe that made the seeds fly as they worked out the juicy kernels for themselves. All of which reminds me that with the present high price of sunflower seeds, I must remember next season to tuck in every available place in the garden an extra sunflower seed so that for the "duration" I shall be able to raise all that my winter birds will need.

Other wings there may be and these I shall eagerly watch for at my window—an occasional crossbill coming as ambassador from Canada, an Arctic woodpecker on tour of tree inspection or, perchance, the beloved evening grosbeak seeking the winged seeds of the maples and stirring the thoughts of goodwill.

Wings of the winter, how they repay us for a handful of crumbs!

Don't forget to feed the birds after the storms of snow and sleet. Tell your friends, too, how much the winter birds need our help.

Tribute

Frances Angevine Gray

*The robin is most welcome, returning in the spring,
And every heart rejoices at the bluebird's flashing wing,
But here's a word for songless birds with plumage dull of hue,
The sparrow and the starling, who stay north the whole year through.*

*The robin and the oriole are just fair-weather friends.
They come to us with April buds and leave when summer ends,
But the starling and the sparrow take the bitter with the sweet.
They share not only summer sun, but winter snow and sleet.*

*The bluebirds are aristocrats who winter in the sun.
The sparrows shiver on the boughs when icy days are done,
And so I spread a frugal feast of bread-crumbs on the snow
For the sparrow and the starling, who stay north when others go.*

No Longer the Villain

LELIA MUNSELL

EARLIER bird writers almost always listed the blue jay as the blackest villain of Birdland, despite his beauty. All sorts of faults were checked up against him. Fuller study of the bird has shown him to be both interesting and intelligent.

We praise the squirrel for his foresightedness in storing food for the winter. Why not the blue jay? He is one of the very few birds who do this. Some birds will hide a few seeds in crevices in tree barks, but most of them are thoroughly improvident, trusting blindly to Mother Nature.

The blue jay, however, is like the squirrel, independent enough to look out for himself, and industrious enough to store food while it is plentiful. He, too, will hide seeds and grain in tree bark, but he does not himself eat all he thus stores. Smaller and less foresighted birds, such as nuthatches, chickadees and titmice, profit from this. True, the blue jay may not have had any benevolent purpose in mind, but give him the credit of doing a good deed, anyhow.

It is interesting to watch the blue jay plant an acorn. He will dig a hole carefully, place the acorn in, cover it—and then place a leaf over the spot. He may, or may not, find his acorn when he gets hungry, but he has, perhaps, planted an oak tree for humans to enjoy.

The blue jay may not be a "pious" bird but he has many good points.

The Cautious Rabbit

J. FRANK BROWNING

WHEN you think of a rabbit, it is naturally associated with the earth's most timid and innocent creatures. But despite the fact that rabbits are anything but aggressive, nearly all species will fight bravely for their young and in self-defense.

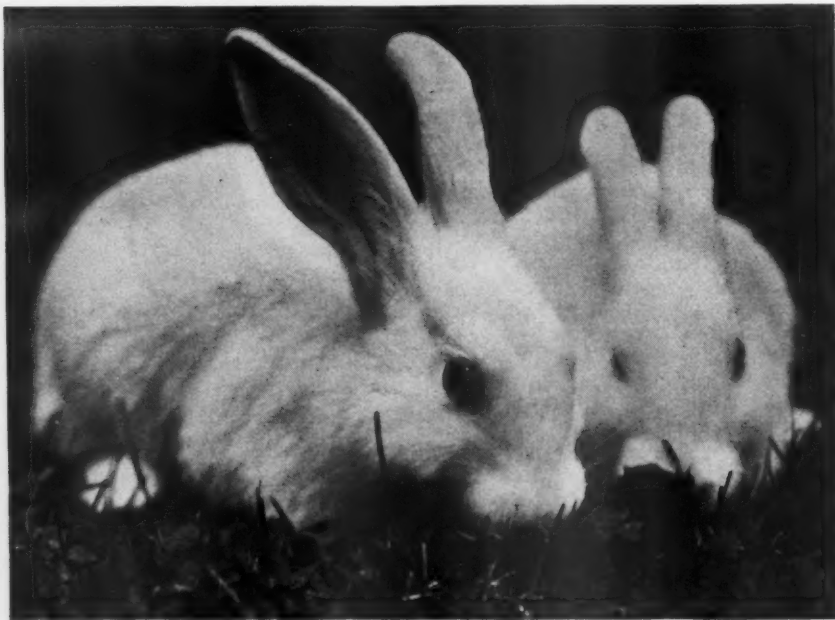
Rabbits are capable of striking powerful blows with their hind feet, and have been known to knock over a weasel and kill a snake.

Domesticated rabbits, strangely enough, usually live peacefully with cats, but when differences arise the rabbit generally succeeds in making the cat's fur, as well as the cat, fly.

It is seldom that rabbits are thought of as being among the most intelligent of all creatures. But they display so much ingenuity in avoiding their enemies that some observers give them credit for being as clever as foxes. When pursued, rabbits very often stop suddenly and, when almost under the feet of their enemy, they will turn aside with incredible swiftness and bound away in another direction.

European rabbits are social animals. They form colonies in burrows called "warrens." Most of the subterranean passages are connected together, with little side "pockets" in which individual families dwell. Mother rabbits invariably have "priority," for they enjoy a home in whatever section they may choose until their young are well grown.

This month's attractive frontispiece is from a photograph by Harold M. Lambert.



DEAR TO THE HEART OF CHILDHOOD

A Winter Voice

ALVIN M. PETERSON

SOME of our most hardy birds are very small, tiny bundles of bone, flesh and feathers not much larger than a walnut or hickory nut. Among the most common of these little chaps are the goldfinch, chickadee, nuthatch, brown creeper, tree sparrow and junco. We see the last five fully as often as we hear them, though this is not true in so far as the goldfinch is concerned. Often the goldfinch is only a small but unmistakable voice in the winter stillness.

Were the goldfinch dressed in lemon yellow and black in winter as it is in the summer, one might see it more often during the season of snow and cold. The black is found on the wings and tail and gives the bird a tiny cap he wears pulled down well over the eyes. It discards its bright wedding garments after nesting cares are over and dons a more sober suit of brown, yellowish white and dull black. In such a suit, when seen at a distance, it usually is hard to distinguish it from the English sparrows, tree sparrows and juncos with which it associates.

Often, in winter, before it is fully light in the morning, I hear a merry "per-chick-or-ree" overhead. Soon I hear it again much farther off, and then again, very faintly, far in the distance. Our bird is on the wing, flying in an undulating or wavy way, bound for some distant weedy field, fence row, waste place or pasture for a breakfast of weed seeds. All winter long I am likely to hear the notes, usually early in the morning, for this bird not only is extremely hardy but an early riser as well.

Mercy Is Golden

*There's nothing one in life can do,
More noble or more brave,
Than speak a kindly word or two,
Some lesser life to save.*

GEORGE H. SWEETNAM

Bunny Goes to War

SIGMUND SAMETH

IF you saw him in his hutch, his pink nose wrinkling mischievously, you'd never think he was military personnel—yet Bunny, providing he's a wool-producing Angora rabbit, has a vital role in this war.

Angora rabbit wool can be woven into the warmest and fluffiest garments which man's ingenuity has conceived. As such, every pound of it which American Angora raisers can produce, is urgently required by the manufacturers of high-flying aviator's suits. Over land and sea our forces are clothed in smooth-as-silk Angora wool clipped from rabbits especially bred for that purpose. Angora wool, being the only wool which does not irritate tender skins, has another and more limited use in certain types of surgical dressings.

Many hobbyists raise Angoras in backyard hutches just for fun. They've found that there's a gold mine in their back yard. Now that imports of Angora wool have virtually ceased from France and England, our main pre-war suppliers, domestic wool has skyrocketed in price to seven dollars per pound. It's precious fluff, this fleecy white rabbit wool.

Angoras are sheared four times yearly and seem to enjoy the "haircut." They sit motionless on a table or in the lap of the shearer while he patiently snips off the long silky fibres. Ordinary sewing shears are the best instruments for shearing although electric clippers have been developed too. The tiny creature is then replaced in a heated hutch for several weeks to make sure he won't miss his warm overcoat. After a month or so he's ready to go outdoors again to his ventilated hutch where he'll begin growing another crop of fleecy wool to keep our boys warm in stratospheric heights.

The only rabbits in the entire world known to be aquatic are the swamp and marsh rabbits of America, which live in the southern United States. These rabbits take to water as readily as muskrats.

Among almost inaccessible tumbling rock slides, high in the mountains of Europe, Asia, and western North America, lives the pika, a queer rabbit-like animal. The pika, a rodent resembling a guinea-pig, believes in making hay while the sun shines, for all summer long they are busy piling up great stacks of dried grasses to feed them during the long winter months.



OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

Bald Eagles of the Corn Belt

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE bald eagle, found in many parts of North America, Greenland and sometimes in Europe, is not supposed to be common in the corn belt states but of late years it has been seen in considerable numbers in Iowa and Illinois along the wooded rivers and near the lakes.

Bald eagles are not supposed to nest in those states but many of the eagles observed were young, had not acquired the white head and could hardly have made the flight from known breeding-grounds although it might be possible.

These eagles nest in high treetops or on cliffs not far from where food is to be had. In a nest of sticks and grass three dull, white eggs, each three by two and one-half inches, are laid and very well guarded. It takes this bird three years to get permanent plumage. It is black the first year, gray the second year, has white head, neck and tail the third year and is dark bodied. This is its permanent plumage.

For so powerful a bird of prey the bald eagle is comparatively harmless. It lives pretty much on dead fish, dead animals, carrion and has been seen to catch snakes and small animal pests. Therefore it is a useful as well as a noble bird.

Parrots and Macaws

GLADYS JORDAN

PARROTS are among the most interesting of birds and those who own them are enthusiastic in their praise. They are a large brained bird and therefore learn very quickly, and they possess a most remarkable gift of imitating sounds, especially those of the human voice. Of all the parrots that can imitate the human voice the gray parrot of Western Africa is the most efficient. These birds are popular household pets as are the green parrots of South America. In days of old, ship-masters often captured them and brought them home as pets, or carried them from port to port on ships, as mascots.

In the Americas there are many species of parrots but only two are found in the United States. Of these species the macaws are the largest, the famous blue macaw measuring three feet in length. They abound in Brazil and Paraguay. Above, the bird is a flaming scarlet, below the same, but its shoulders are blue, black and bright yellow. Surely, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these! And these birds are to be found all the way from Mexico to the valley of the Amazon.

Parrots' feet enable them to climb with ease. The four toes are in pairs, the two front ones being united by a membrane, while the hind ones are free. When among the tree tops, they often use their strong bills to steady themselves. The tails of parrots vary. Some are as long or even longer, than the bird itself, while others are short and broad. This is especially true of the sub-family of parakeets. The beautiful rose-ringed parakeet, native of India and Africa, is only about fifteen inches in length, two-thirds of which is tail. These birds are great pets as they easily learn to speak distinctly and can even imitate the different tones of the human voice. Of the parakeets, the lovebirds are most popular. There are fourteen American species that can be found between Mexico and Brazil. There are forty-five species that have homes in tropical America. Their plumage is a brilliant red and green.

The pygmy parrots of Australia are about three inches long, hence their name. Of course they are most attractive pets. Another different and ludicrous bird is the bat-parrot, so-called from the habit it has of hanging head down in trees, in true bat fashion. Whole groups of these may be seen sleeping in this position or playfully swinging from trees and passing food from one to another in a most friendly fashion.

When My Canary Sings

Madge Nichol

When my canary sings 'tis June once more,
And I forget the cold, gray street outside
my door;

The somber skies; the dreary winter rain
Hurled by the wind against my window pane.
When his sweet notes irradiate the room,
It seems to me as if the roses bloom.

I wander down the green-lit wooded ways,
Amid the saffron gold of summer days
Lost in beauty; knowing enchanted hours
In scented forests gemmed with flowers;
Harkening to the cadence of the streams,
Like sweet Aeolian music in my dreams.

When my canary sings, my heart sings too;
The hills and fields are green, the skies are
blue.

Oh, golden sprite, imprisoned all the day,
Your joyous raptures drive my cares away!

Parrots were first taken to Europe from Africa and were the adored pets of royalty. They were easily tamed and taught. Most of them eat seeds, fruit, buds and flowers. They often pick up their food and examine it carefully before eating it, and they can crack a nut with their strong beak, break it open and eat the kernel.

They are slow and awkward in walking but are marvelous in climbing and usually strong fliers. They mate for life and in their native homes build their nests in trees. The tongue of a parrot differs from that of any other bird in being soft and fleshy throughout and in some species it is bushy or fringed. These birds get their food much like the honeybee and live mostly on the nectar of flowers. Beautiful, brilliant and interesting are these strange birds and they are becoming fewer.



THE WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH

To a Trapper

Louise Darcy

*Set your cruel traps of steel;
Strange that you should never feel
Anything of creature's pain
That will never run again.*

*Set your traps with cruel jaws;
Strange that you should never pause
Before the blood shed on the snow,
Wondering why it had to flow.*

*Set your traps if you can bear
The matted fur, the anguished stare
Of innocence that never knew
The cruelty that men can do.*

Among the Antlered Folk

WILBERT N. SAVAGE

DID you know that the musk deer is only about 20 inches high when full grown? This timid, innocent little creature, sometimes called the "perfume bearer" of India, yields from an abdominal gland the highly valuable "musk" from which the most costly perfumes are made.

Did you know that the female caribou and their near relatives the reindeer are the only female members of the entire deer family that carry antlers?

Did you know that, although deer are found from the tropics to the far North, they are totally absent in Australia, New Zealand, Madagascar, and South Africa?

Did you know that there is a curious species of deer that actually have tusks instead of antlers? The Chinese water deer, a small animal, is entirely without antlers, but is equipped with sharp, fierce-looking tusks. But despite its somewhat alarming appearance, this diminutive fellow is quite harmless and spends most of his time hiding in the lush vegetation growing along river banks.

Did you know that there is a deer in India that barks like a dog? This queer animal whose proper name is muntjac, has a body almost piglike in appearance, and is a poor runner; but it shows remarkable facility in crawling about through extremely dense underbrush. Indian sportsmen sometimes refer to it as the "barking-deer," because of the strange yapping noise it makes when alarmed.

Another interesting and unusual member of the deer family is the Oriental Sitka deer. It carries a patch of white hair on the rump which, when the animal is quiet, remains closely bunched. But when it is alarmed, the hairs flare out into a chrysanthemum-like bunch, which serves as a guiding mark for the herd while in flight.

Did you know that the smallest deer in existence today is the "pudu" deer of the Chilean Andes? This tiny dwarf seldom reaches a height greater than 18 inches.

Strange Lamps

LAURA ALICE BOYD

NATURE has given certain animals the ability to give off light. The primitive Indians of South America made good use of the tropical beetles, almost as large as sparrows, which have this strange power. The light comes through two openings near the eyes and two more under the wings. A few of these beetles were enough to light a small room and by this light the Indians would carry on their occupations of spinning and weaving as well as cooking.

The early Spanish explorers found these beetles a great help when they had to make their way through the dense forests at night. By fastening beetles to their feet they not only were able to see the trail but they were also able to avoid snakes which were in the path. These lights served as aids to hunters who fastened them to wrists and feet and so lured the game.

In the West Indies the natives made crude lanterns in which they fastened large fireflies, while in Java an open wooden bowl with wax on the bottom served to hold the tiny lights. The Japanese kept fireflies in cages and used them for illumination both in the house and out of doors. Sometimes hordes of the insects would be released at a garden party to give a fairy-like atmosphere.

Catching these tiny creatures became a regular business in Japan where the girls caught them with fans while the boys used long wands with bits of yarn attached to one end.

The light of a firefly is produced on the same principle as a candle, that is, a combustible substance is combined with oxygen and thus light is produced. The firefly is the most efficient light maker.

Denizens of the Deep

MABEL IRENE SAVAGE

IF you could observe a "pen-and-ink" squid, you would immediately discover that this amazing octopus-like creature is so equipped to quickly change its color that it would make a chameleon look like an amateur.

This queer denizen of the deep possesses body cells that can be changed in color at will. Ordinarily this particular species of squid is flesh-colored, spotted with a delicate shade of pink. When swimming over a white, sandy bottom, it suddenly fades to a corresponding pale color, rendering it almost invisible. As it rises through the water the turncoat champion of the sea becomes nearly as transparent as glass. When irritated, it calls on its wide variety of colors and blushes through pink, violet, red, orange, and purple. If alarmed, it suddenly squirts out dense clouds of inky fluid, forming a "smoke screen" under cover of which it beats a hasty retreat to safety. As its body is shaped somewhat like an old-fashioned quill pen, and since it holds within its body a fluid from which certain types of ink are actually made, the odd tentacled fellow has well earned the title "pen-and-ink" squid.

If you were looking for the "goliath" of all squids, your search would come to an end when you found the giant squid, for this largest known invertebrate far exceeds in size the great octopus of the Pacific coast.

One eminent naturalist, A. E. Verill, captured one monster specimen of the giant squid which measured ten feet from tip of tail to mouth, while the tentacled arms were 42 feet in length. Battles between giant squids and "sperm" whales are not infrequent out in the vast,

lonely oceans. The whale is most likely to emerge the victor, though sometimes the monster mammal is forced to play the role of the vanquished. A true mystery of the sea are the giant squids, for no one knows how large they grow, how long they live, or how deep they dwell.

There are almost countless varieties of squids and octopuses which flash many eerily glowing colors.



THE WHITE-TAILED DEER

Lines to a Lovely Lady Cat

Susie M. Best

I note your gaze—detached—aloof—
Your high, aristocratic air;
I wonder are you seeing there
A Realm of which I have no proof?

Subtle, secretive as the sphinx,
Perhaps you lived long ages since
The pet of some Egyptian prince
Who knew just what a proud cat thinks.

Now, suddenly, you are alert,
You raise your head, you twitch an ear—
Do you through intuition hear
Some menace that you would avert?

Your whiskers stiffen and you growl,
You crouch as if about to spring,
I, purblind, do not see a thing,
No trespasser appears to prowl.

What is this Sixth Sense you possess,
Why have the gods denied to men
This Fourth Dimension of your ken,
This Space we cannot even guess?

Must we live always wishing that
We, too, could see beyond the Line,
Could recognize a hidden sign,
And be as canny as a cat?

Cat Characteristics

GERTRUDE CORRIGAN

THE great Leonardo Da Vinci was a lover of all animals. He spent whole days observing cats, drawing them in different poses, studying their habits, how they eat, sleep, fight, and play; how they wash their faces with their little paws, how they catch mice and the way they arch their backs at sight of a dog.

The cat has preserved an independence as a domestic animal akin to that of the zebra. She accepts the bounty offered her by kind masters as her due; she endures with stoicism harsh treatment when it comes to her. She only conforms to household regulations when it pleases her. She gives no service as does the dog; she is a pet, a plaything, an ornament, a luxury, but never a worker. As a sort of police she does keep the rodent in place, but only at her own whim and convenience. She is solitary in the animal kingdom and only walks with her kind. She does not fraternize with dogs or horses. It has been said that she is attached to places but not to people.

All these statements are open to controversy and there are so many exceptions to such generalizations that they do not make a rule. Certain it is that in these beautiful and graceful domestic pets we find striking instances of reasoning and quick intelligence.



THE PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT

In the Animal Kingdom

H. LEWIS CLARK

EVERY day we hear interesting stories of famous men and women all over the world who are doing wonderful things; but what about animals, aren't there any celebrities in the animal kingdom? Aren't there any of those household pets, dogs or cats that have interesting lives? Of course, the world abounds with them.

One rather outstanding animal in the world today is a cat called "Bob," residing with Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street.

This cat is a lineal descendant of "Rufus," Cardinal Wolsey's favorite cat, and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, but when they moved from Downing Street they did not take Bob.

Visitors at the house will still find him on the doorstep to receive them, a habit of his, to rise up and purr and rub himself against the legs of the visitor.

He is a lucky cat. Whether or not he has the proverbial nine lives allotted to the feline family remains to be seen, but he escaped not only the political catastrophe which shook up the British Cabinet, but he also escaped the tragic destruction of London pets when war was declared.

Gas masks for dogs, cats and horses are made in large quantities and it has been reported that they object less to wearing them than men and women do. They can be almost instantly adjusted and can't be shaken off.

One wonders what has become of the pets in the ruined countries. It is said that of all animals cats are best able to adjust themselves in new or different surroundings. Many have been found to

be wearing tags with owner's name, street and number.

There have been many dog celebrities in the movie world, who have played their parts with distinction. There are the huskies of the Arctic regions, some of them celebrities trudging along through the deep snow pulling their sledges from station to station.

There is a story of a cat, the men's mascot in the trenches, told by Philip Gosse in his "Memoirs of a Camp-Follower." They called the cat "Land-lady"; she would be out all night hunting mice and other small animals but always returned in the morning for her milk and after being fed would sleep all day. In the evening she would saunter up the trench to the front line and leap on the parapet. There she would leisurely make her toilet with the enemy so near they could easily have picked her off but nothing happened. When her toilet was finished she would disappear into No Man's Land where she doubtless spent the night hunting.

A Hebrew Saying

Out of the heart

Is born the beauty that we know:

The delicate blush of spring caught by a brush,

The cool, untroubled singing of a bow
Drawn o'er a violin; the heartening glow
Of fellowship when mind to mind
Strikes sparks of recognition.

All kind endeavors start
Out of the heart.

LAURA TAYLOR AYERS

The vitally important work for us is the humane education of the millions of boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the nation.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and thirty-nine new Bands of Mercy were organized during December. These were distributed as follows:—

South Carolina	67
Texas	58
Georgia	55
Florida	28
Virginia	28
Pennsylvania	3

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 265,262.

A Farm In a Zoo

ALAN A. BROWN

CHILDREN in New York City, many of whom have never been away from the noise and bustle of the city, are now able to visit a real farm set up for them by the New York Zoological Park. This park, more familiarly known as the Bronx Zoo, has opened a "Farm-in-the-Zoo" where city children and their parents can get close to the soil and become familiar with the domestic animals always found on a farm in the country. Many of these children are now able to see for the first time in their young lives that milk is not made in cans and poured into bottles. A demonstration of this was shown in the picture published on this page last month.

The noise of the city subways, buses and automobiles are absent from this ten-acre section of the city. It has been replaced by the bleating of sheep and calves, the gobbling of turkeys and the peeping of baby chicks. The farm provides a much-needed touch of serenity for the boys and girls.

The farm shows the animals common on most American farms. The exhibit includes livestock and poultry: a huge Belgian mare, a herd of Jersey cows, noted as cream producers; turkeys, ducks, geese, chickens, "Smokey," the Belgian mare's foal; a pony and her colt, "Queenie"; Nubian goats, sheep, pigs, horses and other farm animals. It is be-

lieved to be the only farm within a zoo anywhere in the world.

Aaron White, formerly of Maine and an expert on Holstein cattle, lives on the farm with his wife and a "hired hand," Joe. The farm buildings, built around a central courtyard, are of brick in the Norman farmhouse manner. The color reminds one of the famous red barns common on most farms.

To complete the rustic picture for the children, the farm added a bucolic touch with a hay wagon taxi service. Two sturdy draft horses pull the wagon which is an authentic but old style hay wagon. It is cushioned with fresh timothy hay and the passengers sit with legs dangling over the sides. The children are delighted.

Circuses and zoos have made wild animals familiar to many city youngsters, but the domestic animals are comparative strangers. They are now able to experience the pleasure of knowing these friendly animals better. We wonder, too, how many of the adults who lean over the farm fence are there to recapture their childhood on the farm they knew ten or twenty years ago?

Boy Meets Squirrel

W. J. B.

IN practically every country of the world except Australia, there dwell bold, alert little climbers of the squirrel family. Quite undismayed by man and his works, they often live in parks and streets quite close to the heart of the largest cities. But, though he may see the sure-footed rodents jumping from tree to tree or running along electric cables nearly every day, the average citizen knows almost nothing of their natural history.

In the eastern United States and Canada the gray or black squirrel, color phases of the same species, are usually more numerous than the smaller, chattering red squirrel. But the latter's range is much larger, embracing in fact nearly the whole continent and reaching northward to the timber line. There are many species and sub-species of the red squirrel and even individuals in the same district will vary widely in shade and pattern of their coloring.

But all are alike in their rollicking vivacity, their impudent chattering at all who come near, and the more pleasant, churring melody of their song. They like the coniferous forests and in the western mountains sometimes store up several bushels of pine and spruce cones, tunnel-



WHERE GENTLENESS OVERCOMES FEAR

ing through deep snow to reach their hoards. In nests of leaves or twigs, lined with fibrous bark and other soft material, they are thought to have two or more litters each year, young being found from April to September.

Most boys like squirrels, though happily one does not see so many of those tiny squirrel cages, with a revolving wheel to provide exercise, nowadays. Many a modern boy likes to study his animals in their natural haunts; and he has no difficulty with the squirrels, who display little of the shyness of most woodland dwellers. This lad has made fast friends with the bright-eyed little squirrels during vacation time.

Clinging Friends

ELLEN E. PACH

A long green vine works hard each spring to make a nice picture of an ugly thing. It creeps around my window pane, giving a leafy green edge to the unpainted frame.

Its tendrils cling while great leaves wave to those who pay no heed, but friends of the air on fluttering gray wings fly down to note the ripening seeds.

And when the hoary frost lays low the little mites of meat, my windied friends swing in to try the berries red and sweet.

They flutter there and clatter there and make my heart feel glad until quiet reigns and it's then that I know they have taken all it had.

But, feathered friends, I promise, if you will come again next fall, our long green vine will yield again abundance for you all.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"JOHNNY" CHUCK KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT

The Owl

STELLA FREDERICA GARRISON

*Friendly little fellow
With your dress of brown,
Often heard my mother say
You're the wisest bird around.*

*When do you find time to study?
You sleep the livelong day
And when the night creeps in
You're busy keeping mice away.*

*When we think you're napping,
Do you sit around and think?
Wish you'd answer all my questions,
All you do is wink and blink.*

Answers to "Hidden Birds,—a Puzzle," published last month: 1. Nuthatch. 2. Curassow. 3. Ibis. 4. Bunting. 5. Siskin. 6. Cassowary. 7. Crossbill. 8. Ousel. 9. Kiwi. 10. Fulmar.

Cross-word Puzzle

LOUISE M. GOLDTHWAITE

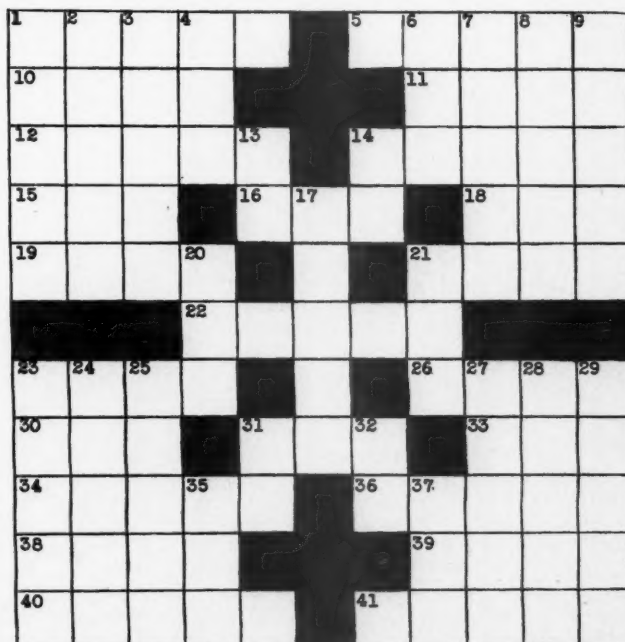
ACROSS

1. A sweet singer.
5. The national bird.
10. Having wings.
11. A rough, broken cliff
12. A red-eyed bird.
14. A step.
15. Self.
16. Open (poetic).
18. Prefix denoting priority.
19. Not any.
21. Most productive of good.
22. Our society.
23. Stripes.
26. Part of a curve.
30. Female of the ruff.
31. Sea eagle.
33. Age.
34. Constellation.
36. South American Parrot.
38. A number.
39. A swimming bird.
40. River ducks.
41. They sing as they fly.

DOWN

1. It croaks "nevermore."
2. Prefix meaning "few."
3. A nobleman.
4. Anger.
6. Deed.
7. A fruit.
8. Beds of the wild beast.
9. A plumed bird.
13. Hawaiian bird.
14. Direction.
17. A young bird.
20. Type measures.
21. Cry of sheep.
23. A species of geese.
24. Nest of the eagle.
25. California rockfish.
27. To take place again.
28. A sharp sound.
29. Birds of prey.
31. Plural ending.
32. New Mexico (abb.).
35. A fish.
37. Feminine name.

Solution next month.



To Every Beast and Bird

Harry Elmore Hurd

He who walks the woodways
With attentive ears
Hears the voice of nature:
Interprets what he hears.

He knows the voice of hunger,
The shrill cry of alarm,
And prays that no least creature
May want or come to harm.

He knows the call of mating,
The songs of love and light,
Making glad the daytime:
Quickening the night.

To man alone is given
The magic of the word,
So let him speak with kindness
To every beast and bird.

Three Strange Creatures

JULIETTE LAINE

IN the Cathedral of St. Sulpice, at Paris, there are several very large basins for holding holy water which are unique in that they are the shells from a species of mammoth clam. These shells are almost five feet in diameter, and the clams which originally inhabited them must have weighed nearly 700 pounds. The shells alone average a weight of 550 pounds. These giant clams are found in the South Seas, and in Malaysia they are not only exceptionally large but they have the reputation of being man-eaters. These Malaysian clams are usually four feet in diameter and weigh approximately 500 pounds. If any native is so unfortunate as to step within the jaws of one of these he is crushed and killed.

Persons who have traversed the forests of central Chile report that indigenous to that part of South America is a little red-breasted bird that barks like a dog. The natives call him the "guid-guid." He is extremely shy and can seldom be induced to approach a human being. The sound of his call is unlike any other bird sound, but is exactly like the sharp, high-pitched yelp of a small dog.

When people speak of the "glass snake" they are speaking of a reptile which is not made of glass nor is it a snake. It is a lizard, but so closely resembles a snake that only certain anatomical differences, such as the presence of eyelids, and a solid jawbone, enable one to distinguish its proper species. It has been dubbed the "glass" snake because it has the peculiar ability of snapping into pieces at the slightest touch, or when alarmed. This it accomplishes by contracting the muscles of its tail with such sudden force that the member actually snaps off. This strange creature is found in Southern United States.

A Plea for the Mole

SIGMUND SAMETH

A FOOT or more underneath a suburban lawn a tiny moist-nosed creature patters along a subterranean gallery. His tiny eyes are covered over with flaps of skin, for in the dark depths in which he lives he has little use for them. He scurries through the burrow stopping occasionally to devour a crawling insect grub or worm. Suddenly in his noiseless flight he stops alarmed. His body has come in contact with a piece of cold metal. He shrinks back, but it is too late. There is a quick stab of ruthless blades as the hair-spring trigger of the mole trap is released. The tiny mole lies pinned to the earth by a pair of cruel daggers. In a few moments he expires.

There you have the picture of life and death of a garden mole, *Scalopus Aquaticus*—that much maligned creature who, instead of being foe to the gardener is his friend indeed. Most people show gross ignorance in their misunderstanding of the value of moles. There is no excuse for wantonly destroying this useful ally in the fight against insect pests.

Yet the destruction goes on apace—and by the most brutal methods. Some gardeners asphyxiate moles by attaching lengths of rubber hose to an auto exhaust pipe and blowing the poisonous fumes into the tunnels. An even more horrible way is the common method of placing pellets of lye in the tunnels. The animals burn their feet on the chemical and in licking the burns they unwittingly poison themselves. If horticulturists must destroy this form of wild life, at least they should do it humanely without causing needless prolonged suffering.

The mole, however, should be encouraged rather than destroyed. He accomplishes underground what the birds do above ground. They destroy grubs of the Japanese beetle, the cutworm, the codling moth and other plant pests. The slight ridging of exposed lawns where mole diggings cross them is small price to pay for alert four-footed insect exterminators who are tireless in keeping down injurious pests.

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AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

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